And from her wombe children of divers kind
We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſ-appli'd,
And vice ſometime by action dignifi'd.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and Medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part;
Being taſted ſlayes all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill
In man as well as hearbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite:
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges ſleepe will never lye:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft braine,
Doth couch his limbes, there golden ſleep doth reign,
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprous'd with ſome diſtemp'rature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline*?

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father, no,

I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good ſonne, but where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I'le tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I have been feaſting with mine enemy,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy Phyſicke lyes:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man, for loe,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare love is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'le tell thee as we paſſe: but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighes from heaven cleares,
Thy old groanes yet ring in mine ancient eares;
Lo here upon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupill mine.